

Halo Glitch

by Blade Starshot

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-06-09 19:01:40

Updated: 2015-04-28 17:49:45

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:04:27

Rating: T

Chapters: 4

Words: 4,841

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Halo. This game has been attracting players since 2001. But unknown to the world, Halo has a dark side that offers certain players... a new game type.

1. Chapter 1

April 5th, 2010...

In the hanger of a Covenant corvette, two figures were dueling with energy swords, surrounded by the bodies of dead Covenant and UNSC Spartans. One was an elite zealot while the other was a Spartan, wearing a Halo Reach Sniper helmet, ODST shoulders and a tactical recon chest. He was black with blue accents with a black visor. It seemed like they were equally matched, until the Spartan dived out of the way and let the elite strike a plasma coil. Mortally wounded, the elite gave one final laugh of defiance.

Confused, the Spartan looked around, eventually looking up to see an antimatter bomb on the ceiling. Slightly panicking, the Spartan quickly looked around the hanger for a survival strategy. Seeing only one, he ran for the for the hanger doors. A brute chieftain, who somehow entered the hanger unnoticed, put himself in between the Spartan and the open hanger door. Not stopping, the Spartan tackled the brute and sent them hurtling out of the ship, freefalling to the planet below.

Hours later, the Spartan woke up with a brutal headache. Rather than getting up, he just lay there, wondering why fate had decided to be cruel. He got up despite the pain he was feeling and studied his surroundings. As he gazed with disbelief, he was slowly losing hope that he would wake up from this nightmare. With a sigh of regret, he started walking. The only thoughts on his mind was how he was going to survive, and why he was punished for playing a simple game.

Two years later...

A girl known as Zephyr48 to the Xbox live community was playing a match of Zombies on Powerhouse in Halo Reach. Her Spartan wore a Recon helmet, air assault shoulders, a plain chest and was colored white with purple trimmings. She chose to find a hiding spot that offered relative protection and enough room between her and zombies. It was working, until she became the last woman standing.

That's when she decided to book it. She focused on running forward, reloading every chance she got. This earned her top spot in the game. The other rounds were similar and she ended up surviving all the way through in the last round.

With the elation of surviving all three rounds still affecting her, she noticed that her screen didn't black out or the scoreboard showing. Confused, she tried to turn off her Xbox, but it just sent an electrical current up her arm. Recoiling in pain, she heard a voice come from her screen. "Zephyr48, you have shown you have somewhat decent skill, so here's a new game type I'm sure you'll die for." Zephyr suddenly felt something attach itself to her arm. She almost fainted when she looked, as it was the gauntlet her Spartan was wearing.

She freaked out even more when she felt other bits of armor attach themselves to her. She would've screamed had she not felt a sudden nausea overcome her like a car hitting her. Her vision blurred and the next thing she knew, she was waking up on the map she was playing zombies on. Getting up cautiously, Zephyr surveyed her surroundings. Wondering if she was dreaming, she tried to move but stumbled and fell.

She just laid there, on the brink of tears. All she did was win a game, and now she was her Spartan. "Can you hear me?" A little surprised, she replied, not bothering to get up. "Who's there?" "Someone who's been through the hell you're about to enter. Can you walk?" Confused, she got up, only to fall again. "No." She heard a groan. "Where are you? Can't you just help me up?"

"No, because I'm using the gun of a warthog, shooting at the zombies trying to kill you." "Huh?" "Disorientation is normal. Just, grab the shotgun that should be on your back and shoot anything that looks like a zombie." She found the shotgun and grabbed it, holding on like it was a life preserver. "One zombie got past me! Watch your tracker!" She saw the red dot run towards her, growing fearful for her life. It was coming from behind her. Lying down on her back, she aimed at the open doorway and waited.

The zombie sprinted through the door and Zephyr fired, stopping it dead in its tracks. "Yes! I got it!" "Good. Reload." Before she could ask, she felt herself make the motion of reloading. She wished someone would explain to her what was going on. Minutes passed, and the silence was deafening. Even the sound of a zombie running towards her would be welcoming just to break it.

After a little while, Zephyr saw another dot on her tracker, only this time it was yellow. A black Spartan with a scout helmet entered the room she was in and looked at her. "Are you ok?" Zephyr nodded and made another attempt to get up, failing again. The stranger caught her saying "Under normal circumstances, I'd help you walk, but right now we need to move." He picked her up and slung her over his shoulder and started running. "Hey! What's the rush?" asked

Zephyr.

"Zombies are regrouping. Falcon, where's our evac?" Zephyr was about to ask who he was talking too when another voice appeared on her helmet's speakers. "I was ambushed by three hornets and a falcon, so I'm gonna be a minute." By now Zephyr and the black Spartan reached the warthog. He gently places Zephyr in the passenger seat. "Right now I don't care! I have a Spartan who can't walk and only has one kill, the zombies are regrouping so I don't care if you have a Covenant super carrier chasing you, GET US OUT OF HERE!"

"Fine, I'll meet you at the north end of the map, Falcon, out." Zephyr was about to speak only to see a horde of zombies running towards the warthog. The black Spartan leaped over the passenger seat into the driver's seat and stepped on it. "Wait! Where are we supposed to go?!" asked Zephyr. "Just hang on." The warthog jerked forward, away from the horde and towards the broken bridge. "What are you doing!" The warthog leaped off the cliff as Zephyr screamed. Suddenly the fall was broken and the warthog was rising.

Zephyr, clutching the bar above the center console, shakily looked over the side of the hog to see that they landed on a pelican. "Come on, let's go." said the Spartan as he jumped out of the side of the hog. He ran over to Zephyr and managed to pry her out of the passenger seat. A small hole opened up and he dropped her in before climbing down himself. She made another attempt to move only to be jerked to the side. "What was that?" she asked.

"Evasive maneuvers. We should get strapped in." He picked her up and placed her in one of the seats and lowered the bar then he left for the cockpit. She felt the pelican jerk some more and heard some explosions before things settled down. Still shaking from the experience, she raised the bar and managed to support herself with the other seats as she walked to the cockpit.

In the main pilot's seat there was Spartan from Halo 3 wearing a rogue helmet, mark 6 shoulders and a cqb chest all colored white with gold trimming. The black Spartan was in the co-pilot's seat. "Is it over?" Zephyr asked warily. The white Spartan looked over and said "Yeah, we're safe for now. I'm called Falcon, and the man behind me is Blade." Blade offered a slight nod before going back to work.

"Er... my gamertag is Zephyr48." Falcon nodded and got out of his seat. "Nice to meet you Zephyr. And don't mind Blade, he's like that a lot. So, let me be the first to welcome you to Halo's deadliest game."

2. Chapter 2

It was about two hours before they got to anywhere that could be considered safe. During that time, Zephyr focused on regaining her strength. She fell more times than she could count, but eventually she managed to stop falling, until the pelican suddenly took a dive and she was sent flying towards the front. After about a minute, the pelican steadied out and landed. She was still getting up when Falcon and Blade exited the cockpit. Blade looked to Zephyr and asked "Are you ok?"

"Yeah, it's just a bump." said Zephyr, almost sarcastically. The three of them left the pelican to see they were in a hanger is all sorts of airborne vehicles from the various Halos games and a few from books. Various Spartans, marines, pilots, ODSs and some covenant engineers.

Two ODSs from Reach walked up to them, one man and one girl. "Blade, Falcon, how was the trip?" asked the man. "Found a survivor, ran into bandits, landed a warthog on the pelican." said Blade. Falcon nodded in agreement and added "The port thrusters took some hits, can you check 'em out?" Both nodded and called for an engineer as the trio of Spartans left the hanger.

Outside the hanger was part a small town made up of various Forge objects in Forge World's canyon. Some buildings were the premade with some attachments, others more complex. "Woah..." commented Zephyr. "Welcome to Morcia," said Falcon, "That's the name of the map at least. No one's quite sure why it was made, probably for a Machinima, but it was a nice place to begin with, and over time we added new buildings and defenses, even stuff from Halo Wars."

Zephyr could only nod as she was speechless. She wondered how all this was possible. A flatbed hog rolled up and the driver got out, saluted, and left. Zephyr looked to the others. "Blade, can you take care of the new girl? I have some stuff to do with Derby and Wraith." Blade nodded and Falcon left. Zephyr got into the passenger seat and as Blade was getting into the driver seat, she asked "Why are we here? How is this possible?"

He didn't answer as he got in and drove away from the hanger. It was about ten minutes of silence before he answered. "We don't know." was all he said, but it was enough for Zephyr. "How many players are here? In Halo, I mean." Blade shrugged. "Last anyone checked, around fifty to seventy thousand."

"What will happen to me?" Blade was silent once again, but only for a moment. "For now, you'll stay here to learn how to survive. Then, it's up to you." Zephyr was silent once again.

Two Years Ago...

Blade limped until he found New Alexandria. He quickly made his way into the city, half hoping it would be empty. Armed with only the Energy sword he managed to keep from burning up in the atmosphere and the magnum he found along the way, he snuck into the city and followed the campaign path as best he could. He found the dead bodies of two Spartans wearing pitch black armor he'd never seen before.

He grabbed the assault rifle one of them dropped and the jet pack off of the other. He continued to watch his step, finding bodies wearing the same armor along the way. After about a half hour of slow stepping, he heard gunfire. About now he was near where the ODSs with jetpacks come into play. Cautiously, Blade tested the jetpack. It worked, but Blade landed uneasily. Taking a deep breath, he jumped over to the first structure. He crashed, but he made it.

Following the sound of the gunfire, he eventually found a female Spartan wearing a CQC helmet, recon shoulders, and a security chest. Her visor was blue and her armor had a similar color scheme to Blade's. She was being fired at by six Spartans wearing armor similar

to what he found earlier. She was fighting back using an assault rifle and DMR and was equipped with a jetpack. Blade, using the sniper rifle he picked up earlier, lined up a shot aimed at the nearest pitch black Spartan.

He managed a head shot, but the other Spartans noticed and looked to their dead comrade. The female Spartan took advantage of this and lobbed a grenade to the center of them. Three were caught in the explosion but one managed to survive. Blade fired again at the survivor and nailed him. The remaining two suddenly disappeared. Startled, Blade got up and grabbed his energy sword, cautiously moving towards the female Spartan, who saw him and did the same, keeping her DMR pointed at him.

"Who are you, what's going on and who were they?" asked the female Spartan when they were within six feet of each other. "Uh, call me Blade, I have no idea and they're probably friends with the elites that tried to blow me up in orbit." She lowered her gun and nodded. "I'm Hunter."

"Is that your real name or shortened gamertag?" asked Blade. Hunter groaned and said "Real name. Someone thought it would be a good idea to make my Spartan a girl." An awkward silence followed. Then all of a sudden the two unknown Spartans appeared, one behind both Blade and Hunter, pointing shotguns at point blank range. "Drop your weapons and prepare for conversion." said the black Spartans simultaneously.

"Hey, they have nice guns don't you think?" said Blade casually. "Yeah, makes me wish I had one." replied Hunter. "Drop your weapons or be neutra-" the black Spartans were interrupted as Blade and Hunter spun around and grabbed the shotguns. Blade slashed his with his sword while Hunter kicked hers back, sending him over the edge of the platform they were on.

"Not bad. How long have you been here?" asked Hunter. "Few hours, you?"

"About the same." Blade nodded and looked around. "So... do you have any idea on where we can go without getting shot at?" Hunter shrugged and said "Not a clue. All I can think of right now is what I'm going to call myself. Weird huh?" Any other conversation was interrupted by the sight of a pelican flying to them. "Hey! Can you two hear me?" said a voice on their radios. Blade looked to Hunter and she nodded. "Yes, we can, who are you?" said Hunter.

"Name's Falcon, and I'm your ticket to a relative safety. Meet me at the pad were you evac the civilians. And be careful, there may be Shadow Spartans in the area."

"Shadow Spartans?" asked Blade. "Pitch black Spartans who kill people like us. Now move!" Not wasting any time, Blade and Hunter began moving towards the rendezvous point. It took them about seven minutes and when they got there, a dozen 'Shadows' came out of nowhere and pointed various guns at them. "Drop your weapons and prepare for conversion." they all said at once. "What's conversion?" asked Blade. "No idea. But I can take out about four of them. You?"

"Five if I get up close." All of a sudden clusters of missiles took out the Shadows. Looking up, the duo saw the pelican as it landed.

Falcon came out the back saying "I'm guessing it's a good thing I was delayed huh? You two got names?"

"Call me Blade."

"I'm Huntress." answered Hunter. "Nice to meet you, now let's get the hell out of here." Walking towards the pelican, Blade asked Huntress "Let me guess, not willing to spread the word you were a guy?"

"Yeah. And if you tell anyone, you'll lose your masculinity as well." Blade simply laughed and they boarded the pelican.

3. Chapter 3

Zephyr jolted awake and hit her head on the bunk above. "Hey, you ok down there?" asked the voice in the bed above. "Uh, yeah, bad dream."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"Not really."

"Come on" The owner of the voice jumped down from the bed, "Talk to me." Zephyr looked down. "I'd really rather not talk about it to a person I just met Huntress." Huntress sighed and knelt next to Zephyr.

"Look, what you dreamt can't be that bad. Besides, who'll give a damn? Few of us don't get nightmares since we got here. So talk." Zephyr just stared for a moment before finally talking.

"I dreamt, that I was surrounded by zombies, and that my family was here to, only without armor, Blade was there but there were to many... he couldn't save us in time, no one could." Zephyr began to tear up. Huntress nodded and put a hand on her shoulder.

"Hey, don't worry, it was just a dream. I know all of this is a lot to take in, but everyone here knows the pain of what you're going through." Zephyr nodded and rolled away from her. "It's not just that, I don't want to change, I'm not a soldier and I'm not a Spartan."

Huntress only patted her on the back. _She's the opposite of what Blade normally brings in. I wonder why she let her stay here when dozens of other places could've taken her._ She sighed and climbed back into her bed, wishing Zephyr didn't have to go through this.

Eighteen months ago...

Huntress was wondering why she even listened to Blade sometimes as she held onto the banshee's wing. "Hey! Watch it Falcon!" yelled Blade on the other wing as he was nearly scrapped off it. "Do you want to do my job?" snapped Falcon. "Target's coming up fast, reports say there are at least six Spartans and two Elites. You two ready?" Blade and Huntress made simultaneous answers as the phantom they were chasing came into view.

Falcon flew over it and the two black armored Spartans let go of their wings and dropped onto the hull. Moving to either side, they grabbed onto the edge and swung down into the interior of the drop ship, surprising the people inside. Taking advantage of the surprise, Blade took out his sword and slice two of the Spartans while Huntress pulled out her maulers and took out one of the Elites.

Finally regaining their composure, the remaining hostiles attacked with various weapons that were rather ill suited for combat inside a phantom. They were all easily disposed of when their leader finally came out of the cockpit holding a gun to an AI chip. "Shoulda known the Feds would've sent spec ops. Now, do us all a favor and leave or the chip gets it."

No one moved for what seemed like eternity. The standoff ended when an explosion shook the ship. Taking advantage of the distraction, Huntress threw a spike grenade at the leader's head while Blade made a run for the AI. As the leader fell, Blade grabbed the AI and armor locked as Huntress took cover behind him as well.

the grenade went off, finishing the leader and anyone caught by one of the spikes. "That was way to close." Commented Blade. "Whatever, it worked didn't it?" Further conversation was cut short by another explosion. Falcon flew up to the side as Huntress and Blade leaped out to catch the wing each. Flying away, a third explosion destroyed the phantom. Looking to where the explosions were coming from, Blade saw a heavy duty pelican from Halo 3.

"Ah crude." The pelican moved with a surprising agility and placed itself in front of the trio's banshee. "You have no idea how much trouble you are in." boomed a voice on their radios, "Return to base for debriefing."

One hour later, they were all in the New Mombasa Federation Defense HQ. Sitting outside the Defense council chambers were Huntress and Falcon. "What do you think they're talking about?" asked Huntress nervously. Falcon shrugged as the doors opened and Blade walked out. Falcon and Huntress ran to him.

"Blade! What did they talk about? How much trouble are we in?" asked both of them at once. Blade just shook his head. "A lot. For one, I'm being promoted to commander and given a platoon." Both Falcon and Huntress flinched. That was the one thing neither of them expected. "They're promoting you... for disobeying a direct order?" asked a baffled Falcon. "Not just me, all of us. Congratulations majors."

The more Blade talked, the more they were confused. "There's more. We're being transferred to Terminal Moraine's Alpha base." Realization dawned on the faces under their helmets. "And there's the catch." Confusion once again spread on Huntress's face. "Which Halo is that from?" she asked.

"It's a Halo Wars two on two map. It's also where the higher ups send the trouble makers and rookies to cool off." explained Falcon. "So they're sending us to where we can't cause trouble?" Blade nodded. "Great, so Blade's has a job he doesn't want, we're being sent to a map meant for large scale armies to pound each other. Any other good news you want to share?"

"Yeah, and this is good news, one of the members will be rookies, washouts and some vets like Falcon who aren't wanted." Falcon seemed to take offense to that. "Ok, so point is we're being assigned to their version of Star Wars Rogue Squadron?" complained Falcon. "Rogue Squadron?"

"Seriously? You don't know?" Huntress shook her head. "Whatever. How long will we be at Terminal?"

"Four to six months of guard duty, NPC killing and other Halo Wars related tasks."

"Hey, look at the bright side, it should a relatively quiet job." Huntress shook her head. "Famous last words Falcon."

4. Chapter 4

Journal entry five.

I've been here for a week, and so far it's been peaceful. Derby tried to take me out on a date last night but I turned him down when Huntress showed up. It's not that I like her, I just feel more secure around her. In a way she reminds me of Blade. Maybe it's the armor colors. I dunno. Next week is a grifball championships and I've been invited to watch in the VIP section! Blade must have something important to tell me, or he just has a crush on me. Either way, I'll take him over Derby any day of the millennium.

Zephyr put her diary away, safely locking it in her foot locker. "Hey Zeph!" She turned around to see Falcon in the door. "Me and some guys are doing a modified version of Invasion, and we need an extra player, you up for it?"

"Modified?" Only being around for a week, Zephyr was still getting used to all the modifications the players have made to the game types. "Yeah. It's gonna be an all human attack and defender thing. You choose your loud outs and blah blah blah, FIGHT!" Falcon's explanation was simple enough.

"Err... is the respawn thing active?" she asked cautiously. "Yes princess, it's safe to die." chuckled Falcon. Zephyr hated that nickname and he knew it, but there wasn't anything she could do about it. "Alright, but don't you dare tell me to do anything that's way out of my league."

Falcon seemed to take offense to that. "But your highness, I would never do anything that would break one of your precious nails." His own laugh was interrupted by the pistol that smacked him in the head. Smiling, Zephyr put her helmet on and followed Falcon out the door.

They went to a teleporter where at least a dozen others were just standing around, chatting and checking weapons. "Hey guys, got our sixteenth player!" yelled Falcon. The group cheered as Zephyr offered a small wave. "Zeph, you'll be on Blue team with me. How are you with a sniper?"

"Well, I can hit targets." Falcon shrugged at her response.

"Alright. Grab a jetpack and find a good position. At the very least you can spot for us." Nodding in response, she went to the nearby Armory and grabbed a jetpack, a halo CEA sniper and an energy sword. Walking out to join the others, she glanced the red team. She nearly froze when she saw Mark Six Reach helmet.

Shuddering, at the thought of being up against someone who was probably really skilled, she sped up. The rest of blue team was already in blue armor. "Hey Princess, why aren't you in uniform?"

"Let it go Preacher, she probably didn't get to the A.C.U. yet."

"Huh?" Falcon grabbed Zephyr's hand and lead her to what looked like a portal from Halo CE multiplayer.

"Step in, and you'll be in uniform in no time." Trusting Falcon enough, while thinking who ever made the thing watched Red vs Blue, Zephyr stepped in and not only saw her armor change color, but she also saw something explode. There was no noise, no distinction of where she was, but she could make out some shapes.

A bridge, lots of Spartans in red on the other side of it carrying something. Before she could make out what it was, she snapped back into reality. "Nice, team colors look nice on you," commented Falcon. Deciding not to tell him what she saw, Zephyr only shrugged and moved on.

The match went less than well for Zephyr. During the first round, she was killed six times by the same Spartan, specifically the one who was wearing the Mark Six Reach helmet. Despite everything, she was somewhat helpful and managed to get two kills that let Blue team move up their offensive line.

The second round was worse for Blue team who was now on the defensive. It wasn't going well for Blue team. Turns out that while both teams are good at offense, Blue team was only a bit better than Red team with defense. Falcon, who had rallied five of the nine Spartan's he was commanding to the final defensive line while sending the remaining four in pairs of two to run interference with Red team's offense. Zephyr was in one of the pairs sent to run interference. Her partner, a man named Ice Pack who was from Halo 2, decided that since Zephyr was new, he'd be better off using her as a meat shield. Didn't go as well as he hoped as he was caught with a shotgun in a sniper fight.

There were two Red snipers cornering them. "Well this is just great." said Ice, jerking back into cover as a bullet whizzed past where his head was. Zephyr poked out to fire a round that hit one of the snipers in the gut. The other one responded quickly by firing at Zephyr who already lined up a shot at her. Zephyr fired twice, landing a headshot at the uninjured Red and another chest shot at the injured one, killing both. Ice, who was dumbfounded, just looked at her work.

A minute or two passed and the two didn't run into any more reds. "Where are they?" asked Ice. He got his answer when the two got the alert that the data core was taken. "Son of a- We have to intercept

them!" stated Ice. Zephyr was already in motion as she bolted to a bridge she knew was the quickest way to the drop off point from the last match.

Confused, Ice followed her and shortly saw what she was running to. Knowing that how she knew wasn't something he should think about, he filed that thought away for later. Zephyr pulled out a frag grenade, armed and tossed it at the bridge. The resulting explosion took out three of the five Reds. One of the two survivors, who was the guy with the mark six helmet, fired his plasma repeater randomly at Zephyr and Ice while the other made a dive for the data core. The blue duo took cover as the reds made a run for it. However, they were too late as Falcon's team caught up with them and opened up a hailstorm of bullets.

Seconds later, the match ended with a victory for blue team.

* * *

><p>"Are you sure? She just knew where to be and what to do?"<p>

Falcon, still wearing blue armor from the match that just ended, said "You and I both know that Ice Pack doesn't lie about these things. Fortunately he's only told me." Blade gave Falcon a measuring look then looked to Zephyr, who was still surrounded by her new found fans.

"Tell him that he'll get something if he keeps his mouth shut until I say otherwise." stated Blade. Falcon nodded and asked "But how are we gonna keep her a secret? You know how the others in the Alliance will react if they find out."

Blade shrugged and said "I'll figure something out. You know that."

Falcon nodded and left to congratulate Zephyr. Blade merely stared. "Vague."

"Yes?" said a female voice inside Blade's helmet.

"Keep an eye on her."

"Will do."

End
file.